

Feverish by **zomgitshelen**

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Summary: I wasn't really sure how to summarize this one. x) I just recently finished this show, and am currently waiting for season two; so I figured I'd start up a story while I waited. Check it out! Lemme know what you think. :)

1. Chapter 1

The Empty House

Chapter One: Fighting, again.

We were fighting again.

Our screams and curses echoed throughout the household, carried by the silence of the sleeping mother missing her little boy.

I was surprised we didn't wake her; but I think she's used to it by now.

We we're always fighting; but it didn't always use to be this way. We were happy, and in love. But when Will was found missing, an explosion of heavy emotions and arguing soon followed.

There was no sense in having a relationship while your little brother is missing, or possibly dead.

But it didn't matter; we wanted to stick it out. I hoped that I could help him through this tragic time, and hopefully his brother would turn up, but it's been days. His emotions were wrecked from dealing with his hysterical mother, and all the folks in town sticking their noses in where they didn't belong.

Then there was me; our relationship. He began to get short with me, avoiding me, or pushing me aside while he tried to save his household. I understood it would be challenging, and I can't really blame him for being upset during this time, but I wanted to help him, not end our nights screaming at each other.

I wasn't expecting much from him during this, but I was still expecting him to be my boyfriend.

"You're impossible!" He shouted, "How can I possibly deal with you and your drama when Will is missing?! My mother is losing her fucking mind and everyone thinks she's crazy, but all you seem to care about is when we're sleeping together again!"

I retreated.

That wasn't true, at all. Especially since we've never slept together.

"That isn't true, Jonathan. I care about Will and your mother as much as you do! I just want to help you, but you won't let me! You never let me in, or even tell me where you are half the time, so what am I supposed to think? One of these days you'll just wind up dead and I'd have no idea!"

"I don't need your help! Our relationship doesn't even matter to me right now. My house is covered in my mother's crazy ramblings and there's holes in the walls! I've been spending every day trying to convince her that Will isn't living in the walls, and trying to keep the police from locking mom up in a mental institution!"

This wasn't Jonathan. He was never the loud type, or the type to swear, especially at a woman. When I met him, he was quiet and kind, worrying about the well-being of everyone else, before himself. Whenever we fought like this, I'd like to believe that everything he's saying is just out of anger, and that he doesn't actually feel this way about us.

I sucked in a breath, and finally released the inevitable;

"If our relationship is no longer important to you, then maybe there shouldn't be one."

"Oh, there you go again; only concerned about the relationship!" He flopped down on the bed that stood beside us and let out a heavy sigh. I didn't move, afraid of another outburst.

"Maybe you're right," he finally said, "maybe there shouldn't be one."

My heart began to pound, echoing in my chest and out of my ears. Those words coming from him caused a long wave of numbness to wash over my body.

I didn't want this; he didn't want this.

I was scared. I loved Jonathan. I didn't want to be alone.

I just wanted to help.

My body felt prickly.

"Is it over?" I asked, not wanting to beat around the bush. If it was over, I needed to know now, and I needed to never associate with Jonathan again.

I glanced over to the bed. Jonathan laid on his back, his head against the wall. He sniffed quietly, wiping his cheeks where I knew tears had fallen to.

I knew he didn't want this. So why was this happening? Where did it all go wrong?

An eternity of silence went by, or at least it felt that way, before he finally spoke again.

"Evelyn, I love you," he sat up and grasped my hand. His palm felt clammy.

I turned to face him. Tears began to threaten me as well, but I was stronger than he was, at least at the moment. Someone had to be.

"I love you too." I choked.

He pulled me down to his level and pressed his lips to mine. I heard the pain in his breath; I knew it was over.

When he finally pulled back, he didn't bother hiding the toll this had on him. Every little emotion escaped through his breath, his voice, and most importantly, his eyes.

Jonathan Byers was crying; and I couldn't help him. Not this time.

"I'm so sorry. I love you so much. But you're right, it should end. We aren't healthy for each other, and it's not the same as it was before. I have to commit all of my time to trying to find my brother and helping my mother. I don't think we're good for each other anymore."

That's all I needed to hear, and much more than I wanted. I silently nodded and pulled my hand from his. He didn't try to stop me or

even bother to look at me.

I left.

"I'm sorry," I heard him whisper as I walked out the door.

2. Chapter 2

Feverish.

Chapter Two.

My mind was in a daze. I could barely concentrate on today's lessons, let alone emotionally handle the fact that Jonathan was in two of my classes. He would glance in my direction every so often, and I would hear people whisper around us about our breakup.

My heart burned up, almost feeling like I was fighting off a heart attack. Every so often tears would cloud my vision, but I'd be damned if I'd let him see me cry.

I guess we made it that obvious; especially since we arrived to school together everyday, but this morning. In fact, we avoided even walking in the same direction to the classes we had together.

People began to talk, calling him a 'weirdo', and me an 'idiot' for dating someone like him. It wasn't even made to sound like I deserved better, they were all just derogatory comments to diminish the two of us.

It affected me, but Jonathan was used to hearing the whispers or getting the weird looks. He was the loser at our school, and he was fine with it.

I wanted so much to stand up for him, like I used to, but I couldn't. We didn't speak, only glanced in each other's general direction every so often.

Like we were strangers.

"Evelyn, hey! Come sit with us!"

I turned my head and caught the waving arm of Nancy Wheeler. She smiled brightly and was accompanied by her boyfriend Steve and best friend Barbara. Two other kids sat with them who I assumed were Steve's douchebag friends. I never learned their names, but I never cared enough to. They were rude to everyone, especially

Jonathan.

I nodded and made way to their table. I sat on the other side of Barbara, who I knew quite well from my math class. She sat in front of me there.

She smiled at me sympathetically, non-verbally expressing her condolences for the breakup. Barbara was always so empathetic and careful when she knew someone she cared for was upset. She always felt like someone I could trust, even if I told her I had killed a man.

"Are you alright?" She whispered. I nodded.

"I have to be."

Nancy reached across the table and touched my arm.

"We're all here for you, Evelyn," She said, mimicking Barbara's sympathetic smile. I nodded again.

"Thank you."

The boy douchebag scoffed, his arm draped across his lady,

"That Jonathan kid? He's a fucking weirdo!"

His girlfriend laughed. Nancy tried to shush them both, but to no avail. I felt my hands twitch.

"You know that kid stalks people and takes their pictures, right? Probably goes home and jacks off to them!" He laughed. The girlfriend laughed louder, probably trying to show off how 'funny' she thought this twat really was.

I stood up, my head down and fists clenched.

"Be quiet." I said.

"Why," he retorted, "worried your boyfriend will find out? Don't worry, I'm sure he has plenty of photos of you to masturbate to."

He didn't finish.

Time seemed to freeze when my fist made contact with his jaw. I heard a bone crack, and Nancy gasp, and Barbara tried to grab my free hand in hopes of calming me down.

I felt the anger well up and burst inside my head while my heart pounded in my chest. I continued to hit, long after he and I ended up on the floor of the cafeteria. The other students began to crowd around us, some screaming and some cheering, for me to break this asshole's face.

It wasn't until two large arms enveloped me, that I realized what I was doing. I stopped swinging and was pulled to my feet by one of the science teachers. They kept their arms around me, to keep me from breaking away, and other teachers began to break up the crowd and try to get everything under control. My body was in a daze. I wanted to keep swinging but my hands were held back by the teacher, and I knew enough not to involve a faculty member.

I stood still and watched another teacher slowly pull the asshole to his feet. It was finally then that I realized the damage I had caused. His face was swollen; I had punctured his bottom lip and beat in around his eyes.

They'd be black and blue for a while.

His face was red and puffy, blood dripping out of his mouth while his eyes were screwed shut. I heard his girlfriend yelling behind me, trying to get to him as the other faculty members held her back.

"You bitch," he spat blood on the floor as the teacher escorted him to the nurse's office. My breath finally caught and I felt like I had been holding it for hours. I fell to my knees and finally the tears came. It was uncontrollable; like a dam that had finally gave to the pressure of millions of gallons of water.

My cries were loud, louder than I had ever heard myself cry. The students watched around me while the science teacher tried to get me to quiet down. I couldn't. My heart was broken and I didn't care who knew anymore.

Except for Jonathan. I didn't want him to see the effect he had on me,

especially with him worried about his little brother, I was the last thing I wanted to be an issue of his.

I was escorted out of the cafeteria by the teacher, off to what I assumed was the principle's office, while Nancy and Barbara watched bewildered.

As I walked, I noticed a figure pass me by. It was Jonathan. I recognized his slouched posture, with his backpack slung over his shoulder. He watched me walk, mouth agape and unable to process what he had just seen.

"Close your mouth, you'll catch flies." I spat. I didn't intend to sound as hateful as I did, but I couldn't control my emotions at the moment either. Just seeing him and realizing that he had seen me wack that douchebag into the next life almost embarrassed me, and I tried to regain any sense of posture I had left.

It didn't work, considering tears were still streaming down my face. All I wanted was to rip out of the teacher's arms and back into Jonathan's, but I couldn't. Not this time. Not ever again. But I just couldn't put that through my head; it still didn't feel real.

I sat nervously in the principle's office, waiting for both my punishment and my parents to arrive. It didn't take long for the door to swing open, revealing my father first and mother right behind him. They glanced over at me, both obviously annoyed but neither of them speaking to me, instead turning to the principle for an explanation.

"So, what happened?" My mother asked. The principle quickly cleared his throat and put his hands together in front of his face. He looked to me, eyeing my upset state before beginning.

"From what I understand, your daughter got into a fight with another student over her ex-boyfriend Jonathan Byers. Apparently this other student was making fun of him harshly, and Evelyn lost her temper and took it out on the boy. He is fine, just beaten up pretty good in his face, but you know we can't accept violence at our school. I called you both in here today because Evelyn has to be escorted home, and will be suspended for three days."

I exhaled a breath I had no idea I was holding in.

My parents didn't know Jonathan and I broke up.

"Three days?" I argued, trying to keep my parents from realizing the news, but that didn't matter much now being as my mother was already at my side trying to console me.

"Oh honey, why didn't you tell us? When did this happen?"

"Just last night," I whispered, remembering the events perfectly. I felt tears prick at my eyes again.

My dad finally turned to me, "I never did like that boy; too strange. But that doesn't excuse what you've done, Evelyn. We'll discuss your punishment at home," he then turned back to the principle. "Thank you for letting us know, and we apologize for her outburst. We'll be taking her home now."

The car ride home was quiet, my mother harboring all of her Jonathan related questions for back at the house. My father silently drove, tapping his fingers along with the music over the CD player. I watched as the outside world passed by as my mind filled to the brim with thoughts of Jonathan and what he must think of me now after seeing my outburst earlier today.

He must think I'm a bloody psycho now. I can't believe I overreacted the way I did...about him! I'm so stupid.

When we finally arrived at the house, my father instructed me to sit at the dining room table. They both sat down across from me.

"Now please explain your side of this story, Evelyn."

It was times like these I'm glad my parents were so rational. I inhaled a long breath before coming up with an answer. They pretty much knew the whole story already.

"I sat with Nancy and Barb at lunch today and Steve's stupid friends sat with us too, and they all knew about the breakup. So Steve's stupid friend decided to start making fun of Jonathan, calling him names and stuff like that and it just really upset me because we

literally just broke up last night and I was still upset about it, so I ended up losing my cool over it and punched him in the face. But then I just kept hitting him until I got stopped by some of the teachers. I didn't mean for it to go that far, I just got too carried away." I quickly explained, fidgeting with my fingers in my lap. My parents remained silent, absorbing my story before saying anything.

My mother spoke first; "I see. I understand now why you did it honey. Love makes us do crazy things sometimes, but punching someone is definitely a first for you."

She smiled softly before putting her hand on my father's.

"It's hard going through heartbreak, especially at your age in highschool. Look at this as an opportunity to better yourself, Evelyn. He obviously wasn't the right one for you. Take this time to focus on your studies and yourself, and not punching people." dad added.

I scoffed.

"Which brings us to your punishment. I think it's only fair since you did physically harm someone and got yourself suspended, that you are grounded for two weeks. No phone or television until we allow it, and you are to come home right after school everyday, and you will be expected to have extra chores over the weekend." he finished, keeping his voice mellow. I sighed, accepting my punishment. Standing up, I looked to both of them.

"Okay. Thanks for understanding and not being super harsh on me. I'm going to go to my room now."

Before I went upstairs, I got a hug from my mom and a kiss on the back of my head from my dad. I really was so thankful that they were such reasonable people.

I stayed up late into the night, reading a few comics or books I had lying around to keep myself occupied. My parents didn't bother me much except to let me know dinner was ready and to let me know they were going to bed.

Eventually I got bored of just reading and found a station on my

radio to listen to. I laid silently upside down on my bed with my feet up on the wall with my hands resting on my belly, while staring at the ceiling.

Clink.

I heard a soft tap against my window. I tensed up, ignoring it, thinking it was a bug or something that flew into it.

Clink...clink.

The tapping continued, growing increasing more urgent the more I ignored it. Finally I realized that it wasn't just bugs, someone was out there.

I hesitated. What if it was someone I didn't know? What if it was a burglar?

Well my bedroom was on the third floor with no balcony or anything so I think I'll take my chances here and at least walk up to the window.

I slowly made my way up, keeping myself as unseen as I could, while peering out the side of the window into the night. I saw a flashlight beaming around, flashing enough of the figure I could tell right away who it was.

My heart jumped into my throat. I couldn't breathe. My pulse skyrocketed and I was suddenly unable to keep myself from shaking uncontrollably.

It was Jonathan.